

At A Gas Station In Kansas

The branch of stream and law entwine
lost rail to the stars and back again
while the dandelion sits on a weed
joyous supernal it sits on a weed

A long ride over forgotten roads
crisp kilowatts of radio alone in the night
tracks on Vortex plains erased by gentle snow
like upon the magic board I drew in school

Before the radar screen longed for blind events
like towns alone in night of frost
while snow and wind streak across the pavement
showing sudden ghosts of fabled lizards

O Gypsy Moth around my lampshade
why so dim the light beyond the door
and the twisted trees reaching to the sky
and down again into their own ring of years

In a month the moon repeats its fundamental note
involuntary stomachs drift to Venus
she repeats hers and within the newborn
yet another aspect opens

Hungry wolves know the beginnings of snow
home to unwind the mummy roll by roll
a part of me, an edge I cannot peer beyond,
a hidden angle, a side I cannot see

In the corner the spider weaves haphazardly
forgetting the first part of the spiral
tired perhaps, of the trembling fly
in a forgotten filling station in Kansas

-- Charles Plymell

Cherry Valley, NY